

Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 6.

THE MODERN
Philosopher:



A Monthly Magazine
FOR
Progressive People.



Philosophical Comments. Reviews
of Books that Help Progress. Miscellaneous
Reading, Original and Selected.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
A YEAR.

SINGLE COPIES FIVE
CENTS.

Entered at the Post-office at Knoxville, Tenn., as second class matter.

Issued the Fifteenth of Every Month by
ALBERT CHAVANNES,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Send all Letters and Communications to
308 Fourth Avenue,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

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I am well aware that in these times of scarcity of money and abundance of books, magazines and papers, it will not be an easy task for me to secure a foothold with the reading public.

I believe, however, that there are enough persons interested in the special field I have selected, to enable me to secure enough support to justify the publication of the *Philosopher*. But these persons are among those who either do not have much money to spare, or have so many calls upon their means that they cannot spend much in new directions.

I have, on that account, given some thought to the best method by which I can secure the largest support at the least expense, and make Club rates and give such premiums as will more than repay those who by subscribing to the *Philosopher* will help me to promote the reforms I advocate.

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No restriction is made as to the number of addresses the books and magazines are sent to. From past experience I am inclined to believe that many persons will desire to send my books to their friends, as embodying some ideas in which they are interested. You can have the magazine sent to one address and the books to another. You can, if you prefer it, take a subscription to the *Philosopher* as a premium, and I will send it to two different addresses for one year, for 50 cents.

You will find the names of the periodicals I club with, and the titles of the books I give as premiums, at the end of this Magazine. The short descriptions given will be changed every month.

IN BRIGHTER CLIMES.

The great advantage of a novel in reform work is, that many persons can be induced to read it, who would never even look at a treatise on the subject you wish them to investigate. The novel performs in reform work the same function as a picture in the construction of a house. Persons who know nothing of house construction, cannot understand a plan if showed to them, but they can appreciate the picture of a house, and if pleased with the outside appearance they will ask questions about the interior, and the cost, etc., and finally gather quite an amount of information.

In the same way, when you can induce some of your friends to read a reform novel, if the picture therein presented is pleasing to them, you have opened the way for discussions, and sowed seed that in time will bear good fruit.

It is with this object in view that *In Brighter Climes* has been written, and I have good reasons to believe that it is well calculated to do this work. Send for it and lend it to your conservative friends. It will set them to thinking. You can have it free as Premium for a 6 months' subscription to *The Philosopher*.

THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

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PHILOSOPHICAL COMMENTS.

There is great rejoicing among the supporters of the single gold standard, over the thought that the high price of wheat will kill the movement in favor of the remonetization of silver, but I think it is a little premature, for the firm establishment of the gold standard, if it is ever accomplished, will be a work of time. At the present moment it is only an experiment, which in the twenty years or more that it has been tried, has given but little satisfaction except to the bankers and the capitalists, and it does not show much judgment to suppose that such a momentous question can be settled by the unexpected contingency of abundant crops in this country, at the same time that there is a large deficiency in the balance of the world.

The problem before the advocates of the single gold standard, is to so restore permanently prosperity, as to convince the people that the gradual fall in prices which has persistently taken place in the last twenty years is not the result of the demonetization of silver, and that the double standard is not a necessary condition to the restoration of prosperity; and they must do this, not only in the United States, but also in France, Germany and England. In these countries, the sentiment in favor of bi-metallism is not yet as pronounced as it is with us, but of late it has been making headway at a lively rate, and it will not be many years before it is strong enough to become an important factor in the control of their financial legislation.

It seems to me that under these conditions, the men who speak now as if the free coinage of silver had received its death blow by the advance in the price of wheat, would not crow quite so loud if they would take a little broader view of the situation, and recollect that the very causes which tend to weaken the movement in favor of free silver in the United States, will on the other hand tend to strengthen it in Europe. For its strength does not depend so much upon theoretical arguments, as upon the failure or success of the present controllers of our financial policy to restore a satisfactory degree of prosperity to the civilized world.

In saying that its strength does not depend on theoretical arguments, I do not mean to imply that it is for lack of them, but because I recognize that nations, in last resort, are moved, not by theory, but by practical experience; and that is the position assumed in this country by the supporters of the single gold standard, when they claim that dollar wheat will kill free silver. I believe it is safe to assert that so long as the people are reasonably prosperous, they will not insist upon any important change in our financial system. But it is a bad rule that does not work both ways, and it is only fair to assume that, as present crop conditions cannot last, so soon as prices fall the agitation will be renewed.

It is well also to remember another fact which the gold men seem to have lost sight of, which is that the hard times caused now in Europe by the failure of the crops will probably greatly strengthen the cause of bi-metallism there. The importance of this factor in the money question was strongly brought to my mind by reading that in the report of the Royal English Commission upon the depressed condition of agriculture in England, ten out of the fourteen Commissioners had declared that the only practical remedy was the restoration of bi-metallism. I then reflected that the same causes which tend to improve business conditions in this country at this time, will tend to depress business to an equal extent, in those countries of Europe which are the chief supporters of the single gold standard.

And when we come to analyze them, these adverse conditions are numerous and important. The failure of the crops will prevent the farmers from benefiting from the advance in price, for they will have but little to sell, and the high price of food will come hard on the laborers, who will see their expenses increased without being able to secure an advance in wages. The manufacturing interest in Europe is certain also to suffer. 1st, from the higher price of food which will curtail the purchasing power of their own population; 2nd, from the fall in price of silver, which will curtail the purchasing power of some of their best foreign customers, which are found among the silver producing and silver using nations. 3rd, by the enactment of the Dingley tariff bill, which will curtail their sales in the United States.

Take it altogether, it is easy to see that if we accept as correct the position of the gold men, that prosperity helps the gold standard, and hard times strengthen bi-metallism, that Europe stands a fair chance to learn a lesson this year, that may cause a revolution in the financial opinions of that country similar to the one we experienced here last year. So that on the whole, the burying of the free silver movement at this time, seems a little premature.

The present high price for wheat will have another result that will not prove very satisfactory to the gold men. It is practically disproving the statement that the low price of wheat was due to

over-production. In the last few years, ever since the steady fall in price of agricultural products has arrested attention, we have been told over and over, by men who claimed to be authority in such matters—and who ought to have known better—that it was all due to the use of farm machinery, and to more wheat being raised than could be consumed. And now it takes only one bad year in some portions of the globe, and a diminution of one tenth of an average crop, for the world to be threatened with a scant supply, which in some sections may end in famine.

This simple fact alone ought to prevent the gold men from rejoicing over the present situation. I do not mean on account of the suffering it will entail upon the poorer classes—for that ought to be deplored by all men—but because in the future they will be deprived of their strongest argument. One year of good crops everywhere will undoubtedly bring back the price of wheat to what it was in 1895, and then they will no longer be able to tell the farmers that it is due to improved methods of production, and to more wheat being raised than can be consumed.

Among the members of the Royal Commission is Sir Robert Giffen, a staunch supporter of the single gold standard, a man of judgment, who recognizes the baneful effects of the appreciation of gold, but who believes that for England the advantages over-balance the loss. So he does not seek to deceive the farmers and manufacturers, and expresses himself as follows:

"Speaking broadly, the figures clearly suggest that the decline in wheat during the last twenty years is not due to any great growth in production in excess of the growth of the consuming population, and I consider it quite a misfortune that some monometallists refuse to recognize the general fall in prices in the last quarter of a century as being, in economic language, an appreciation of gold (as compared with a previous period of expansion) which commenced about the year 1873. The facts are all beyond dispute. The crux of the question is, that whereas for twenty years before 1873, owing to the state of the gold supply and demand, the progress of invention, cheapening of means of communication, and the like influences, were attended by no general fall in prices, but rather advanced. Now, owing to the difference in the condition of the gold supply and demand, the progress of invention, the cheapening of the means of communications, and the like influences, have been accompanied by a fall in prices."

The practical overthrow of the argument, that the great fall in value of agricultural products in the last twenty years, is due to over production; will greatly help the overthrow of the same argument as applied to other products. The probability is, that the present condition of business in this country, which is causing so much rejoicing among the supporters of the single gold standard, will on the contrary greatly tend to the weakening of their cause.

Unless it should turn out to be true that the present improvement in business is really the forerunner of a lasting prosperity and of a new era of satisfactory prices, they will, when the transient causes to which is due our renewed activity have passed away, find themselves shorn of their most plausible arguments, and in a very poor position to command the support of a majority of the voters.

The chief lesson which I draw from the miners' strike, is how difficult it is for the average individual to recognize that our social troubles have their roots deep down in our social system, and as a natural result how slow progress is in the social world. All strikes and labor contentions are the offshoot of the system of private ownership of the bounties of nature and of our competitive methods of production; and yet in all the din and noise caused by the varying phases of the struggle between the mine operators and their employees, how faint was the voice raised in favor of the national ownership of the coal supply. Debs and his coadjutors, and a few other reformers, have indeed formulated it as one of the needed changes, but how little of an echo it has called out from the seventy million people which compose this nation. The questions of injunctions and of wages, which are only incidents in the battle of contending interests in which we are engaged, have received a hundred times more attention.

From the social standpoint, the question of the supply of coal has much more importance than the treatment of the miners by the coal operators. Coal, at the present stage of civilization, is one of the most important factors in manufacture, and one of the necessities, not only to comfort, but to actual existence.

It has, in the last fifty years, become one of the chief sources of mechanical power, and is also the chief fuel used in our dwellings, and yet, so short-sighted is the competitive spirit, that society has allowed this important factor of progress to be monopolized by a few individuals, who use their opportunity to live in luxury and idleness, upon money, a large portion of which is wrung a penny at a time from the struggling poor.

When the history of the coal trade is written, in the light of the new social spirit, it will be found to have given cause to more cruelty than human slavery. Cruelty to women and children in the mines, cruelty to the families of the miners, cruelty to the starving and freezing poor of the large cities. How little does philanthropy avail to mitigate all this useless suffering? What are the few buckets of coal it can dole out to the poor, compared to the tribute levied upon them by the coal barons?

A society sufficiently intelligent to control its own affairs in a business-like manner, would do all in its power to supply itself with coal as cheaply as possible. It would do so to encourage manufactures, to cheapen the cost of transportation, and to increase

the comfort of its citizens. While I sympathize deeply with the miners in their strikes, and rejoice in the partial victory they have secured, I repeat it, the welfare of the strikers is of minor importance compared with the immense damage done to society by the present system of private ownership of the coal supply.

But social science teaches us that in improving social conditions we always benefit the individuals. National ownership of the coal mines would not only greatly help general prosperity, but would also greatly improve the present condition of the miners.

The action of the judges in interfering in the coal strikes has called the attention of the people to the question of injunctions. It has been well said that the spirit of injunctions is inimical to the spirit of popular government. The right to issue injunctions has never been granted by law, but it is a relic handed down to us—with many other anti-democratic usages—from royal prerogatives, and if it has never been called in question, it is because until now it has been used with great moderation. So long as it was used to gain time to secure evidence, or prevent unscrupulous persons from taking advantage of the delays of the law, no fault could be found with the exercise of this power. But no one, a few years ago, would have dreamed that a judge would be found to stretch his assumed authority so as to prevent peaceful men from making use of the highway.

The importance of this new use of injunctions does not come because it has been done in favor of private corporations, and to the detriment of the laboring classes, but on account of the principle which is here involved. That one man, without the sanction of the law, without any such power having been granted him by the legislature or constitution, should by a simple decree prevent one or many men from peacefully exercising their rights as free citizens, and be able to call upon the strong arm of the law to enforce his decree, calls for the gravest consideration.

It is an exercise of power, I repeat it, which is entirely opposed to the spirit of democracy, and which cannot be long used among a people imbued with the spirit of true liberty. The probability is that it will not be often used, for I give credit to our judiciary for enough common sense to realize that they could find no quicker way to arouse popular feeling against themselves. There is already in the land a growing belief that our higher courts are prone to use their power to defeat the popular will, and to arrogate to themselves the right to decide what laws are beneficent or injurious to the nation. That is something which a free people will not endure very long. The essence of democracy is that the people and not the judges shall rule, and while probably many laws are passed which do not result in the good which was expected, yet an independent people will run this risk rather than see their efforts at improvement thwarted as of late years.

THE NATURE OF THE MIND.

OR

CAN INDIVIDUALITY PERSIST AFTER DEATH.

By ALBERT CHAVANNES.

CHAPTER VI.

SUBSTANCE AND ATTRIBUTES.

I have said in preceding chapters that Mind is a substance, but many persons may claim that, even if I can prove that I am correct in my statement that there is an unseen and unfelt substance, Mind is not that substance itself, but only the attribute of that substance. This is a difficult question to solve, and I want to give now my reasons for the belief that we cannot disassociate the substance from its attributes, and that we shall understand better the nature of the mind if we call it a substance, than if we call it the attribute of a substance.

Although electricians deny all knowledge of the nature of electricity, they always speak of it as of a substance. They talk of a current of electricity as they would of a current of water, they store it away, they divide it, they conduct it, and they measure the capacity of a wire to carry it where wanted. While they know it to be electricity, yet to all intent and purposes, they consider it a substance. And when they want to use it for a special purpose they no longer call it electricity, but call it by the name of the attribute in which it is manifested. Thus a city does not contract for so much electricity, but for so much light, and a manufacturer says he wants so much power. And we do not say: "Turn on the electricity," but we say "Turn on the light." It is natural in men to recognize more easily a phenomenon by its results than by its causes, and just as we say that a thing is done by the government, although we know the government is only the manifestation of the power of the people, so do we speak of light or force, when we know that they are manifestations of electricity.

In the same way, as we become better acquainted with the existence and attributes of that unseen substance, we will come to call it by its attributes, giving it different names according to its different manifestations. Thus in explaining the cause of momentum it is more satisfactory to say that we transfer force, and if any one wants to know what force is, to explain that it is one of the attributes of a substance, than to say that it is the transfer of a portion of a substance which at that special time manifests itself as force.

It may at first cause some confusion to call mind a substance, and not the attribute of a substance, but I believe that it will be

eventually a help to a clear understanding of its true nature, and I find that those who have grasped a correct idea of its nature, quickly call it by the name of its special manifestation, just as we call electricity heat, force or light, according to that attribute which is called into play at that special time.

Besides it is scientifically correct to call it by the name of the attribute, for the attribute and the substance cannot be disassociated from each other. Thus when we turn on the electric light, the electricity is light and the light electricity, and they cannot be separated.

And that is an important question in our investigation. If substance and attribute are interchangeable terms, then what the materialist calls "product" is an impossibility, and carries a false impression, just as is conveyed by the word "throwing". Product is in reality an attribute, and can no more be disassociated from substance than can attribute. Thus the electric light is not only a product and an attribute of electricity, but the electricity itself, and disappears as soon as the current is turned off. And thus I claim that it is just as scientifically correct to say "Turn on the light," as to say "Turn on the electricity".

I use then the word substance as related to mind, to designate an indefinite something which fills all space, and which has a great many different attributes by which it manifests itself to us, and I think that it would be correct to look upon electricity as identical with that substance, and the basis of all phenomena.

And now I come to the next question in regard to the nature of the mind. Does mind embrace all phenomena based upon the attributes of electricity, or must they be divided in mental and physical phenomena. There are certainly two different classes of attributes, one which we recognize as knowing and feeling, and the other as motion and heat. Do they both originate in the attributes of electricity, or are they due to two different substances acting in conjunction to effect phenomena?

There cannot very well be any doubt as to the unity of the causes of physical phenomena. The same current of electricity can be used to cause different manifestations. It first manifests itself as motion, which when it meets with resistance it can overcome becomes force. If it meets with too much resistance it turns into heat, and under certain conditions it creates light. How these different manifestations are brought about is explained in any book on electricity, and they are said to be due to different rates of vibration, which is probably true. The important point for us is that it is the same electricity which causes the different results. The same dynamo generates electricity used for different purposes, and it is immaterial if the dynamo is propelled by steam or water power. This establishes the unity of origin of all physical phenomena, which scientists claim to be caused by potential energy, stored somewhere in the Universe.

What about mental phenomena? Is there a substance with the attributes of knowledge, and another with the attributes of sensation? I believe not. If we receive bad news—knowledge—we will instantaneously experience unpleasant feelings—sensations. I personally cannot see any difference in this instantaneous result, and that which takes place when a current of electricity is checked and force becomes heat. The line of reasoning by which we conclude that heat and force are attributes of the same substance, leads us to precisely the same conclusion in regard to knowledge and sensation. They are undoubtedly manifestations of the same substance, and I do not believe that any other belief has been entertained by those who have studied the subject.

The unity of mental phenomena, and the unity of physical phenomena being thus recognized, the next question which arises is whether they are the attributes of two different substances, or the different attributes of only one substance.

I believe them to be the different attributes of one substance for the following reasons: I find it impossible to establish a line of demarcation between mental and physical phenomena. In the preceding chapter, I have tried to show how mind permeates all the Universe, and controls even the least complex action. From my standpoint, the recognition by a current of electricity that the way is open for its flow, is as much a mental action as the recognition by a man that the obstacle which barred his way has been removed. So that I cannot help but believe that all actions that we call physical, are both mental and physical.

The same is true of what we call mental actions. If any organism is controlled by mind, man certainly is, and yet we know that man is a machine, consuming fuel and generating force, the same as a steam boiler. Are we to believe that there are two active substances which contributed to the evolution of man? Of that I can find no proof; in fact the proofs seem to me all the other way. Not only are the actions of men under the control of the mind, but they are carried on largely by the power of the mind. The same mind power which directs the human machine, will furnish actual physical power when it is needed.

Let us analyze the most simple physical action, such as picking up a piece of wood. This simple act is prompted by the working of the mind, for it is performed on account of knowledge of some desirable results to be attained. The physical action is performed by the hand and the arm, but the order for it being a mental action must have been carried by a mental current to the hand, and received there, by what? By mind, for that alone can recognize a mental message and obey it. So that mind must exist in the hand, and as mind means knowledge, which is based upon memory, we reach by a different line of investigation the same conclusion reached by scientists of materialistic tendencies, who now hold that memory exists wherever there are nerves. So that up to this

point, the act of picking up a piece of wood is a mental action, and nothing is left of a physical nature except the exertion of force. But force has been used to transfer the message from the brain to the hand—and plenty of examples can be shown where force has been used, not only to convey the message, but to compel the hand to obey it—and we must either believe that two kinds of substances co-exist in the same current, or that mind substance not only possesses knowledge and sensation, but force also.

I have said before that we only know of a mind substance by its manifestations, and before we can believe in two different unseen substances, we would have to see some clear cut difference in their manifestations. But we cannot see any such thing. On the contrary, in the most elementary phenomena we see evidence of knowledge and sensation, and in the most complex of force and heat. So that I am persuaded that what we call mind possesses all known attributes, physical as well as mental; the mental controlling and directing the physical in the working out of the potentialities of the substance we call electricity.

Mind is then an unseen, unfelt substance, permeating the whole Universe, and having all the attributes necessary for correct action. It possesses knowledge to direct, sensation to feel and force to act. The mind of man must be a part of the whole, having the same attributes, individualized so as to perform special functions in the process of development.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPH OF LABOR, by *G. B. De Bernardi*.
THE LABOR EXCHANGE ASSOCIATION, INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

During our late unpleasantness, the southern ports being blockaded, the people of the Confederate States were deprived of some of the necessities of life, and of many luxuries. The difficulty of obtaining coffee was specially hard on them, and many substitutes were tried. The best one was found in sweet potatoes, cut in small pieces and roasted, and so popular did this substitute become, that some persons commenced to vaunt its virtues, and to claim that it was preferable to that made with the real berry, for they said that it tasted better and was far healthier. But it lacked the one principal element of coffee—cafein—and when the war was ended, and the genuine article could be obtained, the people returned to their first love, and ceased using substitutes.

The thought of this war experience came to me as I read Mr. De Bernardi's book upon Labor Exchange, and his praise of Labor Exchange money. Our economic masters, the capitalists, have seen fit, for their own advantage and profit, to make currency scarce and expensive, and the people are seeking for substitutes. Probably none better can be found than the one devised by the

Labor Exchange, but I doubt very much if, when the producers gain political power—which they will do in what, in the life of a nation is comparatively a brief time—and provide what the world has never had yet, a plentiful supply of scientific money, if the Labor Exchange money will be able to stand its competition, and will be able to maintain itself, even in local circulation.

What the Labor Exchange is trying to do with its money, is only what the nation ought to do in its collective capacity, to wit: To provide a currency for its members, based upon its wealth, adequate in amount to the needs of exchange, and with its circulation guaranteed within the limits of the organization which issued it.

As our present government, being controlled by the banking element, is opposed to the issue of such a currency, it is well that individuals in their private capacity should unite to do what the government refuses to undertake. Such action will not only benefit the participants of the scheme, but more important still, will be a great help in the education, which is now going on, as to the nature and function of money. A great deal can be done by books and pamphlets, but object teaching is the best of all educators.

Besides undertaking to supply a medium of exchange for its members, the Labor Exchange aims at furnishing employment to those in need of it, by bringing together producers and consumers. Their plan is quite simple. A store room is rented by the association, where the producers bring that which they have for sale, and receive in exchange checks of different amounts, payable in any goods or products offered for sale by the association. These checks are payable to bearer, and if the association is strong enough, and keeps a fair supply of goods, pass easily current in the immediate neighborhood where they are issued. Their usefulness is naturally limited at present, but the originators of the system propose to extend it, and by the organization of Central offices, and Local Branches, they expect to so bind all the associations together, that they may do business in an ever-increasing territory, eventually to embrace all the United States.

How far they will succeed remains to be seen. In estimating the chances of success of such undertakings, it is well to remember that the present system is the result of the evolution of ages, and that new methods can only be successful if they coincide with other progress in society. For my part I am inclined to believe that Labor Exchanges are due to the abnormal development of the power of private capitalism, and will not revolutionize commerce, but will educate the people to the necessity of wresting our present system from the hands of the capitalists who are preventing its development in normal directions. With a proper supply of scientific money adequate to our needs, and a proper system of distribution, which would provide for the easy consumption of all we could produce, the occupation of the Labor Exchange would be gone. We are seeking for substitutes, not because our ports are

blockaded, but because our business powers are being strangled, and when free once more, we will not seek for new methods, but will improve those which have been employed up to this time.

The Trials and Triumph of Labor is a clear and succinct explanation of the aims of the Labor Exchange, written by a man who is evidently an enthusiastic believer in the system, and who believes in it the more firmly that he is opposed to the present system of a metal standard of values and of legal tender money, and looks upon Labor Exchange checks as the best possible kind of currency. And furthermore, he expects that through the Labor Exchange it will be possible to do away with the taking of interest for loans, and also with the wage system, by making each man his own employer.

What he has aimed to do in his book is best told in his own words, in a chapter entitled:

THE OBJECT OF THE WORK.

Herein we propose to demonstrate the following truths and possibilities:

1st. How a few glittering grains of useless metals, found accidentally by savages among the sands of mountain rivers, and used originally to gratify a low instinct to ornament the body, have ascended to a legal tender throne whence they control human activity, and through it the progress and prosperity of mankind.

2nd. That the power of money is not an intrinsic attribute of the material of which money is made, but that it rests upon an ancient and barbarous law, which elevated two scarce metals to the pinnacle of LEGAL TENDER, thus giving to the owners of these two metals the only key out of the prison of debt.

3rd. That the vast inequality of fortunes among men, the hardship of the multitude to obtain a bare living, and the wide-spread poverty and want in a world filled with abundance, are almost exclusively due to this barbarous money system.

4th. That a rational, scientific, and equitable monetary system should be a Method of Accounts, pure and simple, and independent of any material which may be used for the purpose. Money would then no longer affect the relative value of exchangeable commodities and services; it would no longer cause artificial fluctuations of prices, and consequent speculations; it would no longer breed monetary panics and financial disasters by its insufficiency, but would bring calm and equity in the stormy sea of commerce.

5th. That the Labor movement has been, and is yet, in error as to the evil which is oppressing the producing classes in every land, and consequently in error as to the remedy thereof. The question of high or low wages, high or low prices, child, convict or foreign labor, the eight hour law, etc., are all questions alien to the problem at hand. The question should be the Abolition of the Wage System Altogether, and the elevation of Labor to a plane of ease and comfort to which it is entitled.

6th. That the workers in all departments of activity have it in their power, without any action of legislation or government, but and through a proper system of co-operative production, and mutual exchange, to liberate themselves at once from the restrictions and exactions imposed upon them by monopolies and the money power.

The book is well written and contains some valuable truths, and has proven a great help to the spread of the Labor Exchange idea. In the west, where capital and currency are scarce, the system is now making good progress. I look upon it so far as an experiment, but as one that can have only good results. If it does all that Mr. De Bernardi predicts for it, the world will be greatly benefited, and if its usefulness should not be as great and permanent as he hopes, it will leave every man and woman who participates in the movement, better prepared to help reform in another direction.

Any person who is interested on the subject can write to Carl Gleaser, Independence, Mo., who will gladly furnish all possible information. I will also give a copy of *Trials and Triumph of Labor* as premium for one year's subscription to *The Modern Philosopher*.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

PARIS ON FIFTY CENTS A DAY.

We had at last reached Paris, that great, busy, noisy metropolis, crowded with workers and pleasure-seekers. I say at last, because although it was barely two weeks since we had landed in Antwerp, A. was already tired of hotel and restaurant life, and longed to take his meals quietly at home. And it was in this city, where we expected to make a rather lengthy stay, that his dreams of quiet, cozy dinners were to be realized.

So our first care on arriving in Paris was to look up lodgings in which we might do light housekeeping, and we were fortunate in soon finding a very suitable place without much trouble.

After spending one morning looking at "furnished rooms", A. came back to me at the hotel where we had stopped and said: "I believe I've found just what we want, and cheap too. A bed room, sitting room and closet, all for fifty francs a month, that is ten dollars." "Are you sure it is ten dollars a month and not a week?" I asked having in mind New York prices. "Why of course I am," he answered, "you don't suppose I'd have looked at rooms if they had been ten dollars a week? No indeed. As it is I haven't engaged anything, but said I would take you over to-morrow that you might see the rooms yourself before we decide."

And after seeing them together we decided that we could not do better. The bed room was an alcove divided from the sitting room by heavy portieres, and large enough for the bed, *table de nuit* and several chairs, and the closet was really a little dressing

room "where we can put our trunks and things out of the way," I said to A. "And this set of shelves will be the very place for my pans and tins and provisions when I've put a curtain in front of it."

So without looking further, and pleased to have found so easily what we wanted, we proceeded without delay to the office of Mr. Gaston, the landlord, and then and there paid him one month's rent in advance, and were made acquainted with the rules and regulations of the apartment hotel. We were to pay Pierre, the *garçon*, five francs a month for taking care of our room and blacking our shoes, and we were to furnish our own light and fuel, and always leave the key of our room at the office as we went out. So far everything was very satisfactory, and the next day we brought our belongings to our new rooms on the second floor of the little hotel in Rue Serpente, just on the edge of the Latin Quarter, and proceeded to make ourselves at home according to our custom.

We were travelling for our pleasure, and had come to Paris for a few months, to see the sights and amuse ourselves. But economy was to go hand in hand with pleasure, and as we had always courted her, she was always readily by us and continually consulted in our plans and purchases; thereby often affording us the means of a bit of extravagance, after a time of denial, or bringing a good deal of amusement into our life, as we went according to her dictates.

So on this our first day, after having noticed with satisfaction that there was a grate in our sitting room, though a very diminutive one, I suggested to A. the need of seeing about fuel before night, for it was November and getting chilly. "I know it," he said, "I'm going to see Mr. Gaston about it right away. And look here," he added turning back into the room, "hadn't you better ask the landlady about where to get coal oil, and may be milk and such things?" "Oh! yes," said I, busy putting away our clothes in the wardrobe, "but there's plenty of time for that. I'm sure there must be stores all around where we can get oil."

But although stores were plenty, they did not all sell petroleum, as they called it, and then at such a price! "What do you suppose I've had to pay for oil?" I asked A. when later on we met in our rooms, having returned from our different expeditions in quest of fuel and eatables. "I don't know," he answered, "but pretty high, I guess, for everything is taxed that comes into the city." "Fourteen cents a quart, or litre as it is called," I exclaimed. "Think of that, and at home I can get a gallon for that price. But I don't care," I continued, "if oil is high other things are cheap, and we needn't do all the cooking on the oil stove."

That little oil stove was a faithful friend in all our travels. A corner of our trunk was partitioned off for the express purpose of carrying our kitchen furniture; and there snugly deposited within an oil cloth bag, and surrounded by a few necessary granite

and tin pans, reposed the little heater on which we could always rely for a cup of hot coffee, a dish of soup, or even a hot iron in case of need.

"And now how about the fire?" I asked when the question of cooking had been settled. "Well I didn't have to go far to order what Mr. Gaston told me we should need," answered my partner. "There's a little shop just under the hotel, where they sell wood and coal, and really it ought to be here now." But even as he spoke there was a knock at the door, and a man, sooty as I remember chimney sweeps to be, came in carrying a bag of coal, and accompanied by Pierre who gave directions about putting away the fuel in a little closet built in the wall, next the chimney.

I watched the bringing in of coal, wood, etc. with amusement and wonder, not that they were in such remarkably large or small quantities, "but why in the world so many kinds of combustibles?" I asked A. "Well, that seems to be the way they do here," he answered. "Mr Gaston told me what to get and I got it. There's four cents' worth of pitch pine to start the fire with. Twelve cents of kindling, fifty pounds of fire wood for thirty cents, a hundred pounds of coal for sixty cents, and twenty-five pounds of coke for fourteen cents. What do you think of that? Wouldn't our folks laugh to see us buying coal and wood by the pound?"

There was no doubt but that they would, and I said so, adding "and there's a great deal else that would amuse them too. For instance at the little store to which Mrs. Gaston directed me, on the narrow, crooked street close by, which crosses Rue Serpente, and is just wide enough in places for two wagons to meet in it, the fat, red-faced woman who waited on me and called me *ma petite dame*, offered me wine, I mean wanted to sell me some, and praised the different kinds she showed me, at twelve, fourteen, and sixteen sous a bottle, never dreaming that I was fresh from America, and that we didn't use wine at the table."

"And what did you say?" inquired my amused listener. "Oh! I looked wise and listened attentively, thanked her and said I was glad to know, etc., and never let on that I knew no more about wines than a baby."

But I soon learned what economy and taste allowed us to have even in wine, for we did not exactly appreciate river water, and a little wine mixed with it was a great improvement.

Our French never betrayed us as being foreigners, for although we had since childhood lived in America, we were of French descent, and spoke that language as readily as the English, and so were not easily taken in when dealing with shopmen, hucksters, and others, as foreigners are apt to be when they can neither understand nor make themselves understood. But as for the francs and centimes they puzzled us for a time, and we invariably turned them into dollars and cents whenever making a purchase, so as to have a thorough realization of the extent of our expenditure.

How queer everything seemed to us! From the duvet of feathers on the bed to the convenient little night table, and from our red tile sitting room floor, over which a square of carpet was spread in the centre, to the winding stone stairs, sometimes slippery with ice when Pierre had filled to overflowing the twenty-eight pithers belonging to the lodgers' rooms, and had carried them up one by one from the entrance hall where the hydrant was. Such a unique hall too, so different from anything one might expect in a lodging house. Bare stone walls, a stone floor, often damp on account of the front door being left open in all kinds of weather, from early morning till late at night.

But there was no danger of thieves stealing in unseen, for the landlord, who with his wife transacted all the business of the hotel, had his office, which was also his living room, at the head of the first flight of stairs; and next to the door was one large, broad, low window through which every one was seen that went up or down stairs. Naturally through the same means the inmates of the room were visible to the lodgers, and we noticed that though Pierre ate at the same time as his employers, he sat at another table, with his back to them and was helped from their board, even to the filling of his glass with wine.

C. C.

To be continued.



PARIS.

We have now been four weeks in this city, and while we have not yet seen all there is to be seen, we have gotten pretty well acquainted with its outward appearance. We have tramped through it in all directions, and taken many a trip on the top of its queer looking omnibuses. Paris is a fine city. It is probably the finest city in the world, and its beauty wears well and increases on acquaintance. It has more fine streets, more public buildings and palaces, more gardens and parks, more columns and monuments, more and finer theatres, than any other city, and that ought to justify its claims to pre-eminence. And as travellers, as seeking a place where to spend two or three months of the shortest and the coldest days of the year, where the main question is to spend the time pleasantly, finding something new to see every day, and plenty of recreations on the streets as we wander through them, we are fully satisfied with its ability to fulfil these requirements, but if we were seeking for a place to remain permanently, to establish a home, I doubt if Paris would be our choice. It is not a city of homes; it is not a place where the people try to be comfortable; it is not even a city of pleasure in the sense that its inhabitants lead a pleasant life. It is a city where the people manufacture and sell pleasure just as other cities manufacture shoes and woollen goods, because there is a demand for them, and like

any other article manufactured for foreign consumption, there is a good deal of adulteration in the quality manufactured, the chief demand coming from foreigners who flock here to buy pleasure.

Paris lives largely on the money brought each year by these strangers, and it is both the public and private policy to do all which will tend to attract them. All the museums, palaces, public buildings, are open to every one, and all the restrictions to sight-seeing which were yet common twenty-five years ago have been abolished. The Grand Opera and the best theatres are subsidized by the government, so that they may give the best representations regardless of cost or profit. All that is done that the rich of all nations may be attracted here and leave their money behind them.

Some places attract the stranger by offering health, while others offer beautiful scenery, Paris offers pleasure. There has been a time in the past, I suppose, when the Parisians manufactured a good, honest article for home consumption, and when Paris became known as a pleasure-loving city, but when it found it could make money out of its reputation, the spirit departed and only the form remained.

At this day, the Parisians are not trying to enjoy themselves, they are trying hard and successfully to make money out of the strangers who come here to enjoy their city. A Parisian whom we met on the train told us: "As you speak French like the natives you will get along well enough, but if you were recognized as strangers they would fleece you unmercifully." And I think he was correct. We have not allowed ourselves to be fleeced, but we have seen enough to realize that the sight-seer is looked upon as lawful prey by all with whom he comes in contact. It is pleasant enough to spend some time in such a city, for the attractions are almost endless, and with our knowledge of the language we escape many of the annoyances of the average traveller, but for a permanent home Paris never would be our choice. So far as the people is concerned we would greatly prefer Brussels, where an entirely different spirit prevails, and as for true home comforts any city in the United States offers more in one month than Paris does in the whole year.

Paris has a great many natural advantages, and it has made the most of them. Its situation is sufficiently level for broad streets and fine avenues, but it rises toward the suburbs and avoids uniformity. It is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Seine, which itself divides near the center, enclosing an island which was the original settlement in ancient times, and is yet called "the City". It is probably owing to the fact that the Seine is not navigable so far for sea-going vessels that Paris owes its greatest beauty. If the river was larger, it would have turned it into a commercial city. The Seine would be lined with docks and the quays with warehouses. As it is, its banks are enclosed with stone walls, and its quays are broad public promenades shaded with

handsome trees, and it looks more like a broad canal than like a river. Small steamers ply up and down, carrying passengers from one place to another for two cents. Its greatest breadth being only about 400 feet, it has made communications easy between the two sides, and some twenty bridges, all on a level with the streets, connect them so thoroughly that practically they are one. The Seine has always furnished the Parisians with a public promenade, and let in an abundance of light and air in the city, at a time when the narrowness of the streets practically prevented their free circulation.

The Louvre and the Tuileries, the two largest palaces in Paris, front the Seine. These two buildings are now connected together, and present a front of nearly half a mile in length. They are built in the form of a parallelogram open at one end, enclosing a court that connects with the Jardin des Tuileries, a public garden ornamented with statues and fountains. That joins the Place de la Concorde, with its fine Obelisk, and the Place de la Concorde itself joins the Champs Elysees, a large public park ornamented with trees and shrubbery, and a favorite resort for Parisians of all ages and conditions. Right through these gardens and parks, commencing at the Tuileries, and ending at the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, a magnificent triumphal arch one hundred and fifty feet high, extends a broad avenue nearly three miles in length, leading to the Bois de Boulogne, which is naturally the most fashionable drive in the city.

The streets, avenues and boulevards of Paris have not been laid out with a niggardly hand. Many of them are one hundred and fifty feet wide, and those one hundred feet are quite common. The side walks are very wide according to the whole width, in many of the new streets occupying fully one half. Those wide streets often have four rows of trees their whole length, and lined with handsome houses present a very fine appearance. Many of these streets are in the old quarters, and have been built at great expense, for the old part of the city is a dense net-work of narrow, crooked streets, through which the new thoroughfares had to be cut as through a forest. The Boulevard Sebastopol, for instance, nearly two miles long, extends in a perfectly straight line from the river to the handsome depot of the Eastern Railroad. To build it, a swath about four hundred feet wide was cut right through the old buildings. The city bought all the needed property, the old houses were torn down, the boulevard laid out, the lots on both sides were sold at auction under specifications as to rebuilding, and in a few years the change was accomplished. Now it is as fine a street as one may wish to see, but leading into it you will find as crooked, old and narrow alleys as ever a stranger lost himself in. Paris is crossed in all directions by just such boulevards and avenues, built by the same process, and the work of demolition and reconstruction is still going on, but not nearly as extensively.

No other city in the world, I believe, has as much space devoted to public use, compared to that used for dwelling purposes by its inhabitants. Paris claims two million and a quarter souls, and its walls are twenty miles in circumference, thus giving the city not quite seven miles in width. The enclosed space at the outer edge is not nearly all built over. Take out of that the Seine and its broad quays, the space from the Tuileries to the Bois de Boulogne set out in parks and gardens, which must not fall very short of one thousand acres, its many other parks and public places—and in no other city are they so numerous and extensive—and it will be easily seen how closely packed the population must be.

And truly in the houses every space is utilized, all the inhabitants restricting themselves to that which is absolutely necessary, and except for the rich there is no room for comfort as the Americans understand it. Paris reminds me of those old farmers who had taken so many summer boarders that the hall was the only place left to sit in, and they themselves had to sleep in the garret. Parisians have devoted so much space to beautify their city, that they have to sit in the hall and sleep in the garret.

A. C.

MAN'S RIGHTS VIZ: WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I recommend the following to those persons who believe that women have already all the rights they can profitably use. It was written by Madame Adams for *The Humanitarian*.

"Most unhappily married as I was, perhaps I found in a husband—one of whose favorite formulas was that society being corrupt one must increase its corruption in order to favor the outgrowth of a new vegetation—perhaps, I say, it was in the moral struggle with my husband that I found the energy which impelled me, at the age of twenty-two years, after six years of wedlock, to write my "Idees Anti-Prudhonniennes".

"The first edition was sold out, and my husband, being a lawyer, discovered in the Arsenal of the Laws of the French Code that my essay (*travail*) belonged to him; that he had not only the right to pocket the profits in the hands of the editor, but that this work being a part of our common possessions, he had the legal right to issue the second edition in his own name, and he actually placed on the cover of the second edition of the "Idees Anti-Prudhonniennes" his own name. The scandal that arose was great, and he was not a little amused at it, saying the French law was clear that all property acquired during coverture belonged to the husband.

"Well can it be believed, the husband of an authoress in our own day, in France, still has the right to lay his hands on the profits of his wife's writings, and unless they be divorced, to issue editions in his own name, a separation (*de corps et de biens*) does

not avail. It required that an English woman, Madame Schmalk, should marry a Frenchman, before the revision of such a law as this could be undertaken and became possible."

However Madame Adams sees great signs of improvement. It used to be that "the most serious argument against the emancipation of woman was her constitutional weakness, her need of protection and watchful care, of everything in fact of which physical fragility has need. Michelet interpreted this opinion in describing the charming invalid in his work '*La Femme*'. Napoleon I. would have made woman simply a gestating and incubating animal. Under the second empire the type of woman accepted was the pleasure-loving woman about the Court, or at the other extreme, the self-effacing invalid."

But of late there has been a great change in France, and Madame Adams attributes it to two causes, the war and the bicycle.

"In my opinion the question of the emancipation of the middle class woman, though no one was aware of it, received the greatest impetus in France during the siege of Paris, wherein she showed herself truly the equal if not the superior of man, by her courage, patriotism, charity and endurance. Women incessantly left their homes on ambulance duty or hospital duty. She played the part which ancient and modern social traditions with one accord assign to women. Men then learned to talk to her of other things than gossip.

"Since the siege French women of the middle class, the class which is now dominant, have awakened from their apathy. They have begun by cricket, lawn-tennis, riding; the mania for sport of every description has inspired our young women with enthusiasm, and in their turn our girls have been brought up in the American and English style; last came the crowning of this initiation into the equal lights of women—the bicycle."

A BLUE STOCKING.

Teddy and Theophila were in the paddock under the row of limes and busily engaged in repairing their boats. The largest vessel had set sail at an earlier hour from Spain, which lies on that side of the pond which is nearest the stable. The English navy belonged to Theophila, and consisted of a small rowing boat; it went out gallantly to meet the Armada, and Theophila was disgusted to find that the boats had no concern for historical accuracy. The English navy was swamped and the crew lost, but the invincible Armada—a tiny wooden yacht, and a tin mechanical steamer, with a tin passenger, who overbalanced himself on the most foolish pretexts—that Armada returned in triumph to Teddy. The tin gentleman, in a yellow coat with large blue buttons had even kept his balance.

"Teddy," said Theophila, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Soldier," said Teddy briefly. The days when he desired to be an organ-grinder were long past. "What's that?" he asked suddenly.

Theophila had moved in the energy with which she was effecting her repairs, and certain books became visible lying on the roots of the tree behind her. The color rose a little in her clear cheeks, but she answered steadily: "Latin grammar, dictionary, delectus."

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed the indignant brother. "Holidays and all, and you go sweating round with grammars and things. Easy enough to see you don't have a lot of Latin to do at school. You wouldn't be bothered with it in holidays if you did."

Theophila found no incoherence in this remark. She was thinking deeply, while she continued the cleansing and drying of the little boat. One of the seats had become loose, and she fitted it in its place again. Her pinafore was becoming soaked by the water that fell, but she did not notice. "Teddy," she finally said, "when you grow up I am going to keep house for you."

"Not if you carry Latin dictionaries with you," he retorted, "not if I know it. Get enough of the beastly stuff now. When I grow up shan't want it. Soldiers don't know any Latin."

"Oh! Teddy," said the child in the wet pinafore, scandalized at her brother's lack of culture. "What about Julius Cæsar? Why! he wrote a book in Latin. That one you do Tuesdays and Wednesdays. And I'm sure he was soldier enough for anybody."

Teddy perceived that Theophila was in some way illogical, but her facts were beyond dispute and he was not able to show any weakness in the argument; he gave up the problem as one too difficult to be solved in the holidays, and devoted his attention rather to discovering that fault in the mechanism of the tin boat which prevented it from travelling automatically when wound up.

"Well, I don't care if he did write a book," was all Teddy's answer. "I know I'm not going to have anybody keep house for me that bothers with Latin and things. I mean it, see if I don't."

The unfortunate Theophila sat dismayed. Her cherished delectus, with the dear little sentences; her dear Virgil, wherein she and Miss Mac Donald began to be deeply interested. And then there was the crowning glory of Greek to come, that mysteriously unreadable tongue, reported to be still more delightfully complicated in its grammar than even Latin.

But on the other hand—her Teddy! Had they not chosen each other, out of a large and vivaciously disputative family, for close friendship? Had they not been faithful to each other through evil report and good report? Fallen in the pond together, been pirates together? Had they not walked the plank in company, when they were but the victims of pirates, and afterwards were condemned to the seclusion of the box-room? Together they ate the bread of tearfulness, and went to church on Sundays hand in hand—at

any rate when they were not carrying on a discussion so vigorous that it needed help from gesture. Life without Teddy was not thinkable for any period of existence.

Teddy had got the clockwork almost into working order, and was entirely absorbed by it. Suddenly a resounding splash and a shower of pond-water, made him look up. Theophila stood at the edge of the water, crimson, excited and very wet.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the boy. "Made me nice and wet, you have! And that wheel is all shook out again, just when I'd nearly got it right."

"Teddy, you ought to say 'shaken,'" answered his sister. "And what do you think made that splash?"

She returned triumphantly to the spot where the books had lain, and where now only flattened grass retained traces of them.

Teddy declined to be interested. The wheel refused to go into its proper place now. He merely growled.

"Well, it was my Latin dictionary," said Theophila; "and the grammar and the delectus father gave me that he used to use at school." She was glowing and bright-eyed with the joy of self-conquest; her hair was thrown back, and she had the look of a small Joan of Arc, notwithstanding the dampness of her clothes.

"I—say, father will give it to you!"

But Theophila did not demand the outward appearance of sympathy; there was fraternal admiration in his look, and she knew he would not have dared to do the deed himself.

"And I did it all for you," she went on. "I won't throw my Virgil after them, I will bury him in the garden one time. And I am not going to do any more Latin—or Greek either"—a distinct and separate effort was necessary for these last three words—"but I am going to learn all about cooking and dusting and things, and then I will keep house for you when we're both grown up."

The dinner-bell rang, and the two children walked solemnly back to the house, side by side, carrying the fleets. Neither said much, being absorbed in thought.

It was on a day near the end of the holidays when they happened to be out in the paddock again. The weather was hot. The elder brothers were engaged in playing cricket; the two children sat under the limes and watched. At all events Teddy was watching; Theophila had a towel to hem, and the cotton would get sticky and dirty and very fragile. Theophila could not think what was the matter with it.

"I've told father I don't want to do any Latin this term," said she, "and he has promised to tell Miss MacDonald I needn't."

"Lucky for you! Wish it was me," responded the brother; "but what are you going to give it up for? I thought you liked doing all that kind of tommy-rot."

Theophila felt that she did well to be angry then. "I do think you might remember," she said, "when I've given it up and never

looked inside a book except stories, for weeks and weeks, all because you said you wouldn't have anybody that knew Latin and things to keep house for you when we grow up."

"Oh! is that it?" The boy looked a little dismayed. "Because, you know— Well I like Cousin May awfully, and I quite mean to marry her when I'm a man, and you don't want two people in your house. And I've told her and she quite agrees."

There was an awful silence—neither knew for exactly how long. Even Teddy was alarmed; he was very fond of Theophila, and he felt that he had somehow, in a moment of thoughtlessness, treated her shabbily.

When she regained her self-control, she turned on her heel and walked away. Teddy called after her, but she gave no sign of having heard. Her blue skirts and floating hair disappeared in the shrubbery. When she returned, she carried a pile of little green books. "Do you know what these are?" she asked, and proceeded to give him information. "They are my Virgil, and I am so glad they did not get buried; yet I meant to bury him on the last night before school, and now I shall go on with him. And I shall ask Miss MacDonald to let me begin Greek very soon." There was stern and sad determination written on Theophila's brow. "And when I grow up I am going to college, and I shall take a degree and wear a cap and gown, like aunt Mary, and have my picture in the papers. and—and then you will be sorry."

Whereupon Theophila dropped upon the grass and wept until her pinafore was nearly as wet as on the day when the Invincible Armada defeated the English navy. For a pocket handkerchief is useless in real trouble.—*A. J. C., in The Speaker.*

SOMETHING BROKE.

The famous Thad Stevens had a colored servant in Washington named Mathilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now, you d—d black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Mathilda meekly responded: "Taint de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd."

THEY FAILED TO FIND IT.

A Texas paper says that in one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas, the twelve gentlemen were told by the Judge to "retire and find the verdict." They went into the jury room, whence the opening and shutting of doors and other sounds of unusual commotion were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced: "We hab looked ever'whar, Judge, for dat verdict—in de drawers and behind de doabs, but it ain't nowhar in dat blessed room."

1st Farmer—"This fine weather will bring everything out of the ground."

2nd Farmer—"I hope not, I have two wives buried in the ground."

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THE DIRECT LEGISLATION RECORD is a breezy little quarterly, published by the National Direct Legislation League, at Newark, New Jersey. There is no reform of more importance than the transfer of the legislative power from the hands of our representatives to the hands of the people. This can only be done through the Initiative and the Referendum, and the object of the League is to do all in its power to promote the knowledge of the benefits to be derived from this reform and of the means by which it can be secured. All persons interested in the Direct Legislation movement ought to subscribe to the Record so as to keep in touch with its progress.

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Books and Pamphlets

By

ALBERT CHAVANNES.

I have been impressed for several years with the belief that we are, over all the civilized world, on the threshold of a great economic change, and are just entering a crisis that will result in the gradual transfer of a large portion of the world's capital from private to collective ownership.

Private capitalism has in the past been an efficient agent in the civilization of the world, but it has an inherent defect which will cause its overthrow from the prominent place it occupies to-day. This defect is that it leads to the concentration of wealth into a few hands, which prevents a satisfactory distribution of products, and thus checks consumption. As a deficient consumption checks production, and as all that which obstructs production is inimical to economic progress, it seems to me certain that society, in self-defense, will have to establish a better system of distribution.

As a philosopher and observer, I have taken a deep interest in this conflict between concentrated wealth and public welfare, and my sympathies have been strongly called out on the side of the producing classes.

This is too large a conflict to be settled even in one generation, but we can all do something toward helping along the side that we believe to be in the right. As my humble contribution, I have written and published several books which I believe will help their readers to better understand the nature of the change that is now taking place, and which must be effected before all persons can secure as large a share of products as they can consume.

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The first of these books is entitled:

THE FUTURE COMMONWEALTH, or What Samuel Balcom saw in Socioland.

This book was written several years ago, and in its pages I have presented to the public my idea of the line of progress that society will follow to secure the desired improvement in distribution.

The plan of the book is a very simple one. A young man, Samuel Balcom, visits an American settlement made in Africa some fifty years before, by persons who dissatisfied with the great inequality of distribution, desired to found a colony where concentrated wealth did not exist and poverty was unknown. In a series of letters to his friend, Samuel Balcom describes what he has seen, and the means employed by the citizens of Socioland to accomplish their ends.

The book is purely descriptive in character, the colloquial style being only employed when it makes it more easy to be read and understood. Young Balcom meets with people of different ages, sexes and occupations, and from each extracts the information he desires.

The moral of the book, and the lesson I have tried to teach in its pages, is that it is not necessary to revolutionize society to attain results that would be hailed with satisfaction by the great majority of the people.

After writing *The Future Commonwealth*, and listening to the comments of my friends and acquaintances, I found that it was too advanced to reach a portion of the public who desire less change in the present economic system and look for more immediate results. So I wrote another calculated to interest a larger class of people. This second book is entitled:

THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH, A Study as to its Causes, Results and Remedies.

This book is purely argumentative in style, and deals specially with some of the most crying evils of the present day. The influence of the Concentration of Wealth upon Society, the Abolition of Taxation, the Limitation of Ownership in Land, as well as an inquiry into the results of the remedies proposed, are the subjects of which I have treated.

The book has proved a success so far as the object I had in view is concerned, and I could fill pages after pages with spoken and written words of commendation I have received from such readers as are interested in social progress.

The book is divided in seven parts. In the first I show what are the forces that lead to the concentration of wealth. In the second I treat of its influence on prosperity, on production, on the consumption and on the exchange of products. In the third part I investigate its influence upon morals, showing that it encourages luxury, servility and political corruption. In the fourth part I offer two remedies, the limitation of the ownership of land, and the abolition of taxation through the public ownership of public utilities, public receipts being made to supply the means for public expenses. In part fifth I show that there are plenty of enterprises belonging to the public to furnish ample means to defray all public expenses. In part sixth I show that the result would be an increase in the efficiency and usefulness of those enterprises and greatly benefit the people aside

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from the relief from taxation. And finally, in part seventh, I contend that these desired results will never be attained by private initiative, but can only be accomplished through united political action.

I have always been a great believer in the novel as a factor in social progress, and finding that many persons who ought to be interested in economic reform would not read the kind of books I had already written, I decided to try what I could do in a lighter vein. The result I now present under the title of

IN BRIGHTER CLIMES, or Life in Socioland.

There is nothing very exciting about this novel. Charles Morril, a young citizen of New York, loses his place in a financial crisis, and unable to find work, decides to emigrate with his wife Mary to the Commonwealth of Socioland. Their life, and the different experiences that befell them during the next ten years make up the subject of the book. I have not tried to describe the institutions of Socioland except in so far as they affect the fortunes of the young people, but I have tried to make the story as real as possible, and I have so far succeeded that a lady who read it paid me the compliment to say that it did not seem to be a novel, but a narrative of actual facts.

My object has been to interest the reader, first in the young couple who thus are making their way in a new and strange land, and next in the social institutions which are at the same time so much alike and so different from those of their native land. While it is not a tale of adventures, yet theirs is not an uneventful life. Some love episodes give color to the story, and many of the friends they make are interesting and original characters, while description of the life on shipboard, of the dance on the riversteamboat, of the camping by the lake, of the mountain excursions, enliven its pages agreeably.

This book is attractive to a large class of people, and no one can read it without having a broader view of associated life and of the possibilities of intelligent public co-operation.

VITAL FORCE, MAGNETIC EXCHANGE AND MAGNETATION.

Many interesting problems in human conduct have for many years baffled all my efforts at solution, and it was only after I became acquainted with the existence of Vital Force and Magnetism, that I found the clue which enabled me to understand the true cause of all actions.

Once the clue found, I patiently followed it until I became convinced that the recognition of an unseen substance, which we call Vital Force, and its exchange under the form of Magnetism, can alone furnish us with a correct explanation of the various actions of mankind, and eventually I came to believe that Vital Force is the occult force which manifests itself in Mind-reading and in Hypnotism, and that to its study also must we look for whatever of scientific knowledge we ever will attain as to the phenomena of Spiritualism.

In this book I present to the public the conclusions I have reached, and it has been written for those persons—daily increasing in number—who recognize in

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Vital Force a substance which can be transferred from one person to another. I have made no effort in its pages to advance proof of the correctness of my statements, for it is not a book of arguments, but is intended as a help to those who are already interested in the subject and who are earnestly seeking after its true solution.

The first edition was written and published several years ago. In the following years I studied specially what was to me a new potentiality of Vital Force. I had become convinced that it is possible to turn the procreative powers to the benefit of the parents themselves. Just as the gardeners have succeeded by culture in turning the reproductive powers of the flowers into double petals, thus producing what is called double flowers, so do I believe the same process can be accomplished in the human race.

I call this process MAGNETATION as contrasted to Procreation, and in the second edition I devote seven chapters to what I might call the philosophy of Magnetation. The titles of those chapters are as follows:

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I have also written several pamphlets dealing with different subjects.

The first contain studies as to the proper standard of conduct for a believer in evolution. They were written several years ago for the Sociologist and are entitled: THE LAW OF HAPPINESS; THE LAW OF INDIVIDUAL CONTROL; THE LAW OF EXCHANGE and THE LAW OF ENVIRONMENT. Their price is 10 cents each for the three first ones and 5 cents for the last one.

They are also bound all four together under the title of STUDIES IN SOCIOLOGY and are sold under that form for 25 cents.

HEREDITY, CROSS-BREEDING AND PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES, is the title of a pamphlet containing a reprint of some letters and articles of mine which first appeared in Dr. Foote's Health Monthly. Price 10 cents.

I have also published three pamphlets on economics. 1. AN ADDRESS TO THE VOTERS OF THE SECOND DISTRICT OF TENNESSEE, dealing principally with abuses in taxation. 2. THE CAUSES OF HARD TIMES, showing the evil effects of Monopoly and Speculation. 3. AN OPEN LETTER TO PERSONS INTERESTED IN ECONOMIC QUESTIONS, where I point out the great changes due to the increase of production and capitalization. The price is 5 cents each.

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